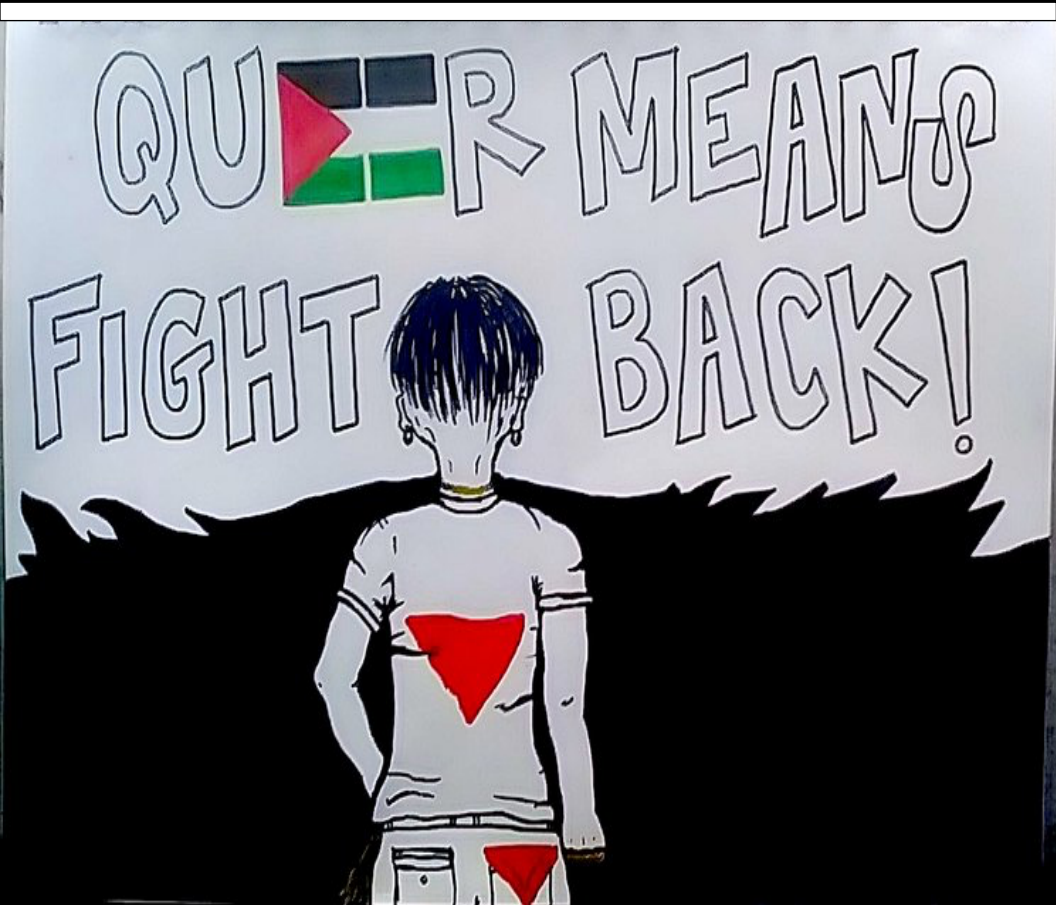


INTIFADA

OCT 2023 - JAN 2024



stevie redwood

d e a d
m a l l
p r e s s

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INTIFADA

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by

stevie redwood

Dead Mall Press | 2024

WEAPON OF CHOICE

*I'm an academic. Probably the toughest thing I have at home is
an Expo marker. But if the Israelis invade—if the paratroopers
charge at us, going from door to door to massacre us—I am going
to use that marker to throw it at the Israeli soldiers, even if that
is the last thing that I do.*

Refaat Alareer
Sept 23, 1979-Dec 6, 2023

I wish I were a freedom fighter so I could die fighting back.

Refaat Alareer
December 3, 2023

I can't write poems anymore, only op-eds
dressed up as couplets—but they're not

fooling anyone & neither am I. I don't
give a fuck about language

for language's sake. I see your bold lyric
& stay a cold skeptic; I see

your analogy & raise you the literal
stakes: the pen is mightiest

lodged in the heart
of a ghoulish blood-drunk

imperialist. I write
just to keep my pen close.



*in honor of the Palestinian resistance
& of militants everywhere*

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

All the way here in the imperial core,
the clouds still do what clouds do. We listen
to the news. We eat cry shit fuck work sleep
maybe. Kids dress up as cops & trick-or-treat.
I carve a jack-o-lantern with *free Gaza*
like it means something. It molds into a pulp
someone throws into a boxtop on the street.
Palestinians keep dying, keep fighting, keep
showing the rest of us who we could be. In Frisco,
Reem Assil says *We are not freeing Palestine.*
Palestine is freeing us. The new old annihilation
has been happening for one eternal month.
We fund it with our taxes, martyr others
for our sins. This is not how it should work.
It's how it's made to. We're desperate
for the massacre to Stop Right Fucking Now.
Meanwhile we sign statements & petitions,
write letters & op eds. We donate cash
that doesn't make it into Gaza. We shout
Viva viva Palestina! until we have no throats.
We make art, wear t-shirts, boycott McDonald's
& Starbucks & Amazon. Our weapons continue
to destroy. In Palestine, freedom fighters blow up
tanks by hand, make rockets from the guts of bombs
that killed their friends. We have teach-ins, unroll
banners, take the freeway. We hold vigils, call rallies,
harangue senators; imagine marching together
does more than replenish the oxytocin we need
to do the same tomorrow. I'm not exclusively
a skeptic: yes, we must keep reproducing
ourselves, each other; yes, we keep alive to fight
another tyrant. Palestine will eventually be free.
But there's no fight that stops this right now,
yesterday, in 2000, in 1967, in 1948, in 1917,
before it started. We redecorate the banks.
The UK #ShutsDownElbit. In "Israel,"
anti-Zionist Torah Jews catapult dumpsters

at hordes of Zionist cops. Arabs & Jews & Muslims
keep struggling together. All around the world
people force necessary confrontation, produce
arrests & legal fees. We gather to #BlockTheBoat
transporting weapons from the sea to the river.
Cops arrest the squatters; the boat begins its death sail
on the ocean. Global tides flow swift toward Palestine,
who feels only the current of war, public sympathy
a whisper-breeze extinguished on the way.
In Gaza, atrocities abide, nearly unreal
as the people's unkillable spirit.
& the state does what the state does:
everything it can to make us feel useless.
I'm not supposed to say so but
it's working. I aspire to feel useless
without acting useless,
so I write another fucking poem.



SYNONYM FAIL

We circle around (f)utility,
confuse a dopamine hit

for a good idea. People get upset
& mean *I care*. We mistake ourselves

for our trauma & our trauma
for a politics. We conflate feeling

& action, call guilt *repentance*,
get prescriptive about grief.

We say *we* for *you* & *you* for
I for I makes the world go

to war. I read politics like I read
poems: both ruin us by machinating

the line. The news says *antisemitism*
for *anti-Zionism*, says *Israel*

for *Palestine*. They call Zionists *Jews*,
Palestinians *animals*, massacre *defense*,

freedom fighters *terrorists*.
Liberals insist on militarism

& militancy being the same.
We say *annihilation*, *ethnic*

cleansing, *genocide*, & mean
there are no words for this.

We say *Free Palestine* & mean
bring the end of the world.

A POEM'S NOT A PIPE BOMB BUT A PIPE BOMB IS A POEM

Despite media blackouts & atrocity propaganda & doublespeak
& shadowbans we've seen lives' worth of pillage & wreckage
& anguish & absolutely fuck all the "art" that's commodified
trauma porn; instead I offer you this. Kill the Zionist
industrial indoctrination machine. Kill the liberal
in your head. Fight the reapers seeding *ceasefire* like a pyre
of burned olive branches in a field of sweet *nothing's*
gonna change. It's not conflict it's colonialism
it's not illegal it's carnage it's not women & children
it's *Palestinian men should be alive too*. It's not antisemitism
it's *my family wasn't wiped out in the Shoah for this* it's
Jewish ancestors are rioting in their graves.
Say *decolonize* say *unsettle* say *no-state solution* say *both sides*
belong to Palestinians. It's not war crimes it's genocide
it's not peaceful it's strategic it's not *Israel/Palestine* it's all
fucking Palestine bitch. It's not innocent or civilians or terrorists
or *not Hamas* it's *take the white flag out of your mouth*. It's
kill demagogues evangelizing nonviolence against slaughter.
It's liberation over moralizing it's *by any means necessary* it's
militants will make Palestine free. Will liberation come
from throwing every last freedom fighter under the busloads
of US smartbombs or did you not think about that. It's *from the river*
to the sea it's kill the weapons manufacturing companies
it's stop paying taxes it's walk out of work it's past time
to shut everything down

REVIEW: THE POETRY FOUNDATION'S SPECIAL ISSUE 2023, PALESTINE & ISRAEL

Uneager to give up their blood money—
or their unmarred reputation
as the superlative journal
of contemporary American
horseshit—PoFo remains agnostic
toward ongoing genocide
& calls it a misunderstanding.
Gaza calls on the world
to riot. PoFo cuts a piece
on Jewish anti-Zionism,
says *We at the Poetry Foundation*
are saddened and deeply disturbed—
The poem lacks surprise,
lifted literatim from the modern
PR playbook & reprinted from the summer
of 2020. Their George Floyd-era rebrand
was cosmetic at best: find a fall guy, say
diversity, say *accountability*, *uplift voices*,
say *institutional racism*, finally
find BIPOC poets who'll overwrite
the flowery company line
for a flowery company paycheck
while the rest remains
the same. What did anyone
expect? Eli Lilly made a killing
making people hemorrhage
money to stay alive & sometimes
die, & his great-grandkid gave a killing
to the Poets. Manufacture a comfortable

aesthetic. Paradigm for the soft palatable
mouth. It's a too-familiar grammar:
all metaphor, lacks a volta, boring
ending, hugs the page. Stays right
where it belongs. Say *humanitarian*
crisis. Say *against oppression*. Say
we believe in the power of words.
Say *spaces for all*. Say *collaboration*,
equity. Say *Palestine & Israel*,
like they can both survive.

THE PALESTINIAN QUESTION

You want fries with that? & can I get a name for the order?
Oh & by the way do you condemn Hamas? Can you tell us
about some of your professional strengths & weaknesses?
Can we contact your previous employers? How soon could
you start? Lastly, what are your thoughts on the kidnapping
of Israeli civilians? Do you condemn Hamas? Great, will that
be all for you today? Do you wanna pay with cash or a card
or Apple Pay? Your armband? The microchip implanted in
your neck? Do you have a pulse or a battery? May I scan your
eyeball? & isn't it so terrible about all those poor hostages?
What? No no, not Palestinians. What do you mean by *political*
prisoners? I'm talking about Israeli women & babies. I heard
they're being tortured in underground tunnels by terrorists
with ancient swords & giant cannons & maybe two heads each.
So anyway, do you condemn Hamas? Hey, it's nice to meet you.
You're even hotter in person. Can I get you a drink? Bold, I'll
get straight whiskey too! So tell me what you're into. Do you
like knife play? Me? Black hanky, left pocket. But I'll bottom
for the right top. Speaking of black red & green, free Palestine,
amirite? Yeah, I'm glad we're on the same page. It's fucked up
what's going on in Gaza right now. But then again, both sides
have committed atrocities, know what I mean? Like, do you
condemn Hamas? Nah, I'll get the check. Do you wanna come
over? Cool, come on up. What's your safe word? Do you suck
strap? You wanna bleed? You like that, huh? Harder? Slower?
Did you come? Did you condom? Did you condemn? Do you?
Condemn? Hamas? Do you condemn? Hamas??? Do? You???
Condemn????? Hamas??????? Do you! condemn!!! Hamas!!!!
DoyoucondemnHamasdoyoucondemnHamasDoyoucondemn
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TESTIMONY

The inherently violent nature of war means that exaggeration and invention of atrocities often becomes the main staple of propaganda.

-Wikipedia entry on atrocity propaganda

[E]very war must appear to be a war of defense against a menacing, murderous aggressor. There must be no ambiguity about who the public is to hate.

-Harold Lasswell

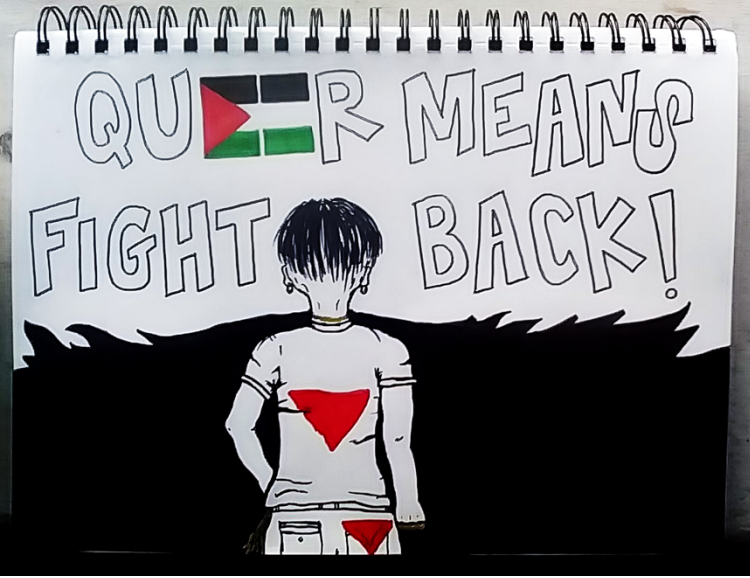
Four days after Al Aqsa-Flood, the militant white trans butch twitter anarchist feminist influencer spoils her silence on Gaza: fifteen tweets insisting on the truth of colonies-old atrocity propaganda about savage Palestinian men. *My rage at the sexual violence the men of Hamas have enacted on gender marginalized people is not separate from my concern for Palestinian survivors of sexual violence,* she pretends. *The New York Times* publishes an article it mislabels nonfiction, claims Hamas spent October 7th playing catch with severed heads.* The story opens with allusions to allusions to allusions of Hamas's violent rape of *the woman in the black dress*; cites illusions dressed up by the violent rapist colonizing state. Next come the stories of so-called israeli witnesses. One woman, having been shot, says she'd felt faint & had been lying in the bushes. Her friend tells reporters he could barely raise his head. Miraculously, both recount the gory details of watching women raped & killed. A third israeli tells of seeing a woman brutalized by a gang

of Hamas soldiers; in earlier versions, he'd seen many rapes or zero rapes or whatever made him hardest at the time. The final expert witness, finding evidence that he could monetize colonial fantasy toward his family fashion line, contradicts his previous testimony. *This is just the beginning*, his business Facebook winks. *The Times* gets credible information by polling settler soldiers, handpicked by the israeli military & on condition of their terms. Lacking victims' statements, the journalists turn to ZAKA, a group of all-men volunteers who view israeli bodies & make assessments of their deaths. They have no medical training & oppose forensic science. *The Times* defers to their expertise. *The corpses tell the story*, a social worker says. *We have zero autopsies. Zero*, shrug the cops. A two-month investigation into tens of thousands of videos from October 7th produces ample footage of zero sexual assault. On twitter, the militant butch anarchist continues: *No rape apologia/denial necessary. If you really understood and cared about sexual violence, you would understand that every rapist who feels empowered enough to enact extreme sexual violence in public view like this has almost certainly victimized even more vulnerable people who tend to be excluded from concern.* Meanwhile, images emerge of Palestinian men peeled naked in the desert on their knees, hands bound, made blind, lined up at the barrel end of rifles. The white twitter butch anarchist says nothing.

**No severed israeli heads—or headless israeli bodies—have been recovered.*

ON JUDITH BUTLER'S CONDEMNATION OF HAMAS

In the aftermath, in the *London Review of Books* & from the cavernous halls of a hard skull hollowed by a life lived out in Theory, the both-sides author of *Gender Trouble* troubles over *wanton crimes* of the resistance fighters in Palestine, troubles the line that cleaves blither & blather; the lines between inciting readers to fury, to sleep, & to plotting wanton wonton crimes: next time they convene a public speaking engagement, we will go equipped with dumplings & a catapult, slinging wontons at the speaker's rostrum one by floppy one so that a smattering of dim sum speaks a steady rhythmic protest chant against their cheek, wet slap by cold wet slap. We will laugh & shout *Be Gay, Do W@nton Crime!* They will moralize into their wonton pile, proffer the other cheek. Meanwhile, in Palestine, the resistance will continue to prevail.



OUTSIDE GAZA,

People blur Palestinian women
& children into rhetorical collateral;

women & children Palestinian men
all the way out of the picture

of constructed humanity,
a fantasy state that exists

only in the civilizing mind
to begin with. To begin with this

is to set the stage: in one room
of the palatial colonial imagination,

the subject must be worthy
of salvation. To compel salvation,

the subject must be both pitiful
& full of sin. Meanwhile, in Gaza,

women & children & men & people
exist in three dimensions,

need to be saved
not by us,

but from us
as they liberate

themselves.

IN GAZA,

people are still singing
to one another, do not stop

saving each other's lives.
On her birthday, surrounded

by loved ones, a child is serenaded
by nearby bombs. Her friends diminish

explosions with a sanguine
birthday song. Under cover

of fertile trees, small birds whistle
their resonance. The young girl smiles

with her whole face. On a flat table
of dirt, the children kneel.

Their gifts are their presence,
jubilation in spite. Instead

of cake, there are sweet teeth
& tea. There are no candles,

only wishes. The chorus ends.
The birthday girl clutches

her teddy bear,
& in a moment

gains a year.

IN GAZA,

people refuse to die
without fighting,

will not save themselves
without each other.

Warplanes shoot down
pamphlets, broadcast the siege

on Northern Gaza. IOF tells Palestinians
to flee Al-Shifa hospital. WHO

tells medical workers
Leave your patients; stay

alive. A kidney specialist says
& if I go, who treats my patients?

Do you think I went to med school
to think only about my life?

From the bowels
of what was yesterday

a home, six men excavate
a child, queen-carry her

to light. *Are you taking me*
to the cemetery?

A man says *No, my dearest.*
You are alive,

& beautiful as the moon.

IN GAZA,

people aren't condemning Hamas
or Lions' Den or Saraya al-Quds

or al-Qassam Brigades, who give up
bombs & bullets & blood & lives

for liberation in three dimensions;
extract thirty-nine Palestinians

from the hell of occupation jails.
Sarah Abdallah greets the ground

with shin & palm & prayer, cries
I am so proud of Hamas. I love them.

I love Palestine. I love Gaza so much.
On being freed, Hanan Barghouti says

Long live the resistance, which is busy
tanking tanks point-blank, on foot, by hand-

positioning hand grenades & warheads.
The freedom fighters know diplomacy

will never liberate Palestine;
the diplomats insist on Palestine

being *Israel* & Israel being an eternal state
of grace. & so the coup de grâce persists,

negotiates violence with refusal to surrender
the other cheek. No—in Gaza, people will not

condemn the militants fighting
for all their lives. & for anyone

who does: when you say *Free Palestine*,
who is it that you're talking to

CLAUDINE GAY

Three months into Al-Aqsa Flood
some old white men at Harvard
force out its first Black woman president
because she swiftly condemned Palestinian
students for being unenthused about genocide
& fired the Black dude student proctor
who said ethnic cleansing is bad
when she should have been firing
the gun. It's amazing how many people
think something like *Harvard University*
has a serious white supremacy problem
& it's that the first Black woman president
got forced out by some old white men.

THERE'S A RIGHT WAY

to push a politician, & it's hard off a fence in a plummeting direction. Don't say I'm glorifying murder. I'm venerating violence

being met on its own terms. To romance a person's conscience begs a person & a conscience; to seek mercy from an empire

is to try to milk a rock. So one bad analogy begets another: the US House of Representatives says *anti-Zionism is antisemitism*, resolves

to make it so. At the UN 3 days later, a motion for a ceasefire is voted into impotence, approved by thirteen member states & vetoed by one

man. The Biden-chosen diplomat lies *the United States engaged in good faith on this text*, whines *our recommendations were ignored*,

their recommendations being *move the needle forward* ever more toward ethnic cleansing. There's a way to push a statesman, & it's strategically

into traffic. 90 seconds deep into polemic, he says *heinous* just like *penis*, as in *the victims of these penis acts*, sermonizing

on the mythic sexual violence done to women by Hamas. He won't name prolific sexual violence waged by armed IOF thugs; the US capes for r*pe

done to Palestinians & men. *I am heartbroken by the images out of Gaza*. He affects a well-rehearsed sobriety, dares invoke the specter

of innocent Palestinian children to peddle a "humanitarian" two-state "solution" to a genocidal problem, ends *The United States*

strongly supports a durable peace. The United States will continue the hard work of diplomacy. There's a right way to press a diplomat

& it's inside a trash compactor. There's a way to squeeze a bully & it's tight until he blows.

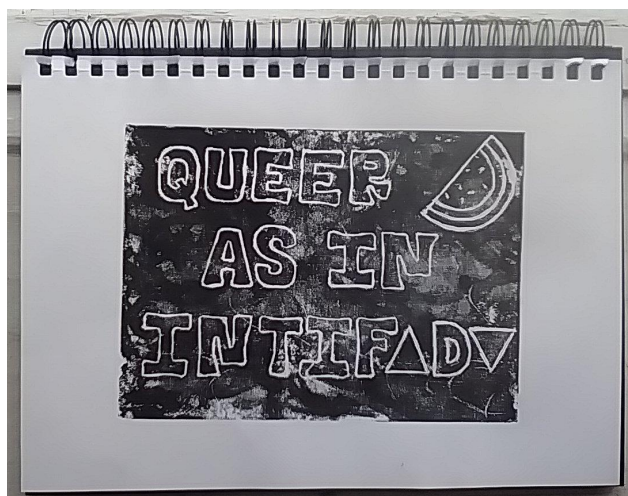
▼ INTIFADA ABECEDARIAN ▼

All the orgs are busy demanding a ceasefire & planning around optics & not
Blocking boats & I'm not saying all of that's bad but it
Certainly won't decolonize Palestine.
Do people know *ceasefire* demands the
End of the Palestinian resistance too? Without freedom
Fighters what do you think happens to
Gaza? To Gazans? The West Bank? While non-Palestinians lambaste
Hamas & the taking of hostages, Qassam fighters force the
IOF to free 180 Palestinians from the nightmare of colonizer
Jails. They didn't do that with a flower & a dove. No one likes to think
Kidnapping is necessary. & what if it were? If you mean *by any means*, know
Liberation will not be pretty. It will not be bloodless & it will not be clean. Is
Morality paramount, or do you want Palestine free? This
Nonviolence stuff will get other people killed.
Occupation does not start or end with
Peace. The answer to the Palestinian
Question is *from the*
River to the sea, & it won't be negotiated by
States. Still, the force of the resistance is
Targeted, not profligate,
Unlike the colonial entity's. Imperial propaganda calls resistance
Violence, violence *self-defense*, & genocide *war*. It's not
War when one side's an imperial power & the other is armed with
X-Acto knives. EXPO markers. Do
You understand? Resistance is fertile; it's how
Zionism will lose.

QUEERS FOR A FREE PALESTINE

Fifty-seven days into the Nakba of 2023 & Gay Shame has staged a die-in. Three hundred queers for Intifada horizontal in the middle of the Castro, terrorizing brunching homonationalists from inside the rainbow bull's-eye at the intersections. This is not a metaphor. In 2014 San Francisco painted crosswalks into rainbows to a kitschy tune of \$37,000 that housed zero queers & paid for no trans healthcare. The state will care for moneyed-homo streets & give no money to street homos, so we redecorate the pavement with our gay revolting bodies. Rain stains the concrete darker & we lay supine in the seep. Don't you know the first thing about queers is we're all already dirty? The filthier the better. So what if it's just theater? Okay, so it's a play. Haven't you heard the word about fags? We love a dandy spectacle. So it's a gesture. I won't pretend choiring *We're queer / we're trans / no peace on stolen land* with a queue of pissed-off queers isn't a special form of pleasure we all intensely crave. We forgive the cis queers among us for yelling *we're trans* as Arabic speakers in the crowd forgive the rest of us maybe for hearing the lyrical *Min el-maiyeh lel mayieh / Falasteen Arabiya!* & mumbling fumblingly along. It feels good to be here together. Good feelings here won't end genocide there, but the more robustly we can reproduce ourselves against the insatiable necropolitical libido of capital, the better we can fight it. & there's something irreplicably beautiful in the proximity of collective movement: purposeful bodies

navigating their positions among & in relation to each other. Sharing masks & snacks & words & glances & rage. Trying not to get beamed by cardboard signs or tangled in Palestinian flags or drowned out by Zionists or too hoarse or dehydrated or kettled. Lying still being delineated in pink chalk by a stoic Arab queer who calculates the most functional least intrusive stance before committing to a straddle. & for all the proximal pleasure & provisional intimacy of waging gay rage together, I know that some people here believe in nonprofits & some are electoralists who put faith in the state & others are disciples of the Church of Ally Politics & more believe ceasefire will end the occupation & after this die-in those things will all matter but right now we yell at the top of our lungs *from the river to the sea* from the gutters to the neighborhood because as long as the colonial entity paints a rainbow bull's-eye at the intersections of death pink & washing the least we can do is say not in our image. The least we can do is say not in our name.



L'CHAIM

I'll be honest: the most Jewish thing about me
is my ancestors were murdered in the Shoah

& all I got was this lousy mental illness. *Baruch
atah Adonai, Eloheinu Melech ha-olam, borei p'ri*

*hagafen. Blessed are you, eternal God, sovereign
of the universe, who creates the fruit of the vine,*

fruit which never falls far from the familial tree
of prophesied panic disorder & suicidal ideation.

The most Jewish thing about me is buried in my
sympathetic nervous system. I'll tread lightly

near the race science implications of epigenetics,
but how else should I forgive my mother? Fruit

never falls far from the tree of knowledge of good
& evil. Was it too much to ask we fall far from the

evil flank of genocide? I know better than to fan
the flames of conflation. Here I am doing it anyway.

Zionist ≠ Israeli ≠ Jew, I know. Still the IOF is mostly
us. Jews waging genocide in the name of Zionism

& not because they're Jews is a critical distinction
that makes them exactly no less Jewish when they

do it. I don't know why I said *us*; I fled the temple
of identity affinity long ago. But the most Jewish

thing about me is a fear of isolation; the desire
to say *my people* & materialize a refuge among kin.

My people, my people, *my people*: if I say it thrice
into a mirror, will you materialize beside me like

Bloody Mary, thirsty to burn religious dissidents
at the stake? But there I go again muddying the tide.

Zionism was only a holy war gestated in the belly of the
beastly imperial nucleus: wage a refuge for racialized

Europeans far from where white Europeans live; blame
indigenous people for refusing to open their arms wide

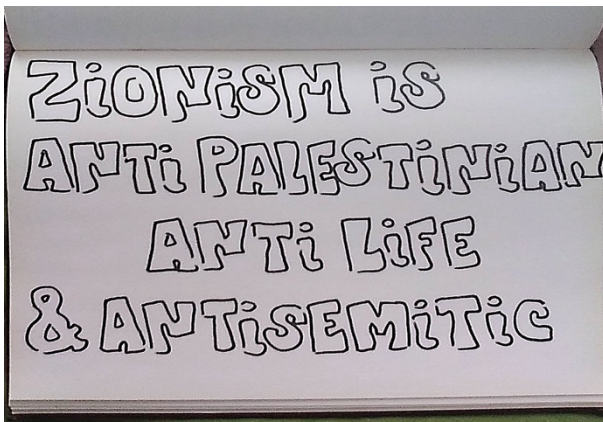
to their own extermination. Paradoxically vow that they
do not exist: *A land without a people for a people without*

a land. My people, don't you know Israel wasn't meant
to be a place. *Israel*—meaning to struggle with God

& prevail. *God*, as in whatever animates being. *Being*:
as in to live, exist; to grow. My people, my people, my

people: don't you know that we were never meant for
evil. Don't you know that Israel is just a holy state

of grace.



IT'S NO-CHRISTMAS-THIS-YEAR CHRISTMAS

& we're in the stage of genocide where people are paying attention to what social media influencers say. A white woman trauma capitalist

instructs her white woman disciples to heal their horror with an orgasm a day. An anti-zionist Jew does a rant about Palestinians getting in the way

of his own personal liberation. The scammer King attempts to sanitize his grift by grafting it onto yet another someone else's struggle. All of them are building

brands. On every stage of genocide there are bad actors fighting dirty for the limelight. The rest of us should please not lose the plot.

At a virtual live teach-in, the beloved Palestinian scholar condemns condemning armed resistance: *It's none of your fucking business, mister*

& missus PhD. Step aside. Western academe has fuck-all to contribute to a post-liberation Palestinian political project. Will I condemn Hamas

just to satisfy your predilections? No. I won't. Why won't I? Because fuck you, that's why. I ask what he imagines might arrest the siege on Gaza,

what will bring the liberation of Palestine. People who aren't him perform indignance at the question; I'm indignant at the indignity

of their indignation. I know that no one has the answer & the point is ask the question. What the fuck are we doing here. The truth is

we're in the stage of genocide where most people have no idea what to do. The stage of genocide where people have no idea what to do

is every stage. When we have no idea what to do, we still have to keep on trying. The scholar offers *Steadfastness. Refusal to concede*

a single inch to the oppressor. We, all around the world, need to think seriously about the question of on-the-ground resistance & what we're willing

to defend. When we have absolutely no idea, we still have work to do: *Resistance & liberation go along multiple tracks.*

Figure out which one you can help & take it from there.

FROM EVERY CAMPUS TO EVERY SEA

During money-grubbing land grabs for the wealthy University of California, Berkeley, the 1400 riot cops who waited til the ghost campus of winter break to park up on top of the people of People's Park with bulldozers just like the ones ravaging Gaza & an appetite for whatever poor people can make & a border of double-stacked freight containers that maybe once ferried arms from the bowels of Boeing warehouses to the Port of "Tel Aviv" look just like the riot cops who took 57 bullets to murder Tortuguita sat cross-legged hands up in a tent in Weelaunee Forest where the state still aims to build a repression training center for riot cops from Atlanta & Berkeley & Chicago & Detroit ft. soldiers of the IOF & Elbit Systems is already rubbing their palms. The riot cops who pointed rifles into the People's Park community kitchen are continually well-fed & bloated with the reproductive fruits of the underpaid labor of cafeteria workers from the University of California endowed in the 1860s by profits from the business of pillaging Indigenous land. 1862's Morrill act—say *moral* act—gave a present to the future of public higher education in the shape of 11 million acres that belonged to someone else. Killing people for fun—ding to be mined from other people's homelands has long been the logic of empire. It isn't a secret & it isn't new news. People come to the cargo container border wall swaddled in keffiyehs clutching signs that yell *LONG LIVE THE INTIFADA*. & we have not won but we will.

HISTORY LESSON

At the teach-in on genocide
N95s are provided & required
The historian condemns
the mass-murder tactic
of spreading deadly disease
& declines to wear a mask
The audience spills into the hallway
We all want to know our rights
which are intoned to us
by a liberal white lawyer
who apologizes at length
for the length of her bio
& keeps talking about cops
as *peace officers*
but she does the job
of telling us what not to say
which we could have learned
from the 25-second video shared
every Shut the Fuck Up Friday
by the Pot Brothers at Law
Someone reads a statement
from a worker fired by Google
for opposing Project Nimbus
in which Google & Amazon
sell surveillance tech to the IOF
for the price of thousands
of Palestinian people
The speaker shares a contact email

for No Tech for Apartheid
says *write this down*
or you can Google it
A presentation on the Palestinian
Campaign for the Cultural & Academic
Boycott of Israel ends with a TL;DR
It's not about boycotting individuals
it's really about the money
Solmaz Sharif provokes the room
into a unison of *mmmmms*
tells of June Jordan's *I am become*
a Palestinian & of her censorship
by architects of the academy
The repression sounds familiar
like the tales of the historian
who outlines other sieges
on the same land & people
with other faces & other names
Mark Twain warned us
History doesn't repeat itself
but it sure does rhyme
& there's a lesson there
about what we can't control
History gets authorized by people
who killed millions of other people
for the right to make history
a looping story of survival
of the cruelest people imaginable
& unimaginable
History sure does rhyme
& there's a lesson there

about what we can control
What I mean is we are here to learn
to struggle better
History repeats until it doesn't
write its wrongs as gospel
What I mean is we are here
to trash the palimpsest
History repeats until it doesn't
need us tamed or dead or silent
This hasn't happened yet &
there's a lesson there
on what we're for
history repeats until it doesn't
history repeats until it doesn't
history repeats until it doesn't
history repeats until
what I mean is
we are here

stevie redwood is a disabled toisanese jewish
neuroinsurgent introvert homotrash littledreamer
bigmouth bitch living & dying in frisco. they're
unimpressed by scene queers, artifice, & pacifism.
they're fond of shittalk, porchsitting, leafitter, &
riffraff. they dream a different end of the world